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"French Art," by W. C. Brownell. New and enlarged edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

This book is written by a *litterateur*, one who writes classic English of great beauty and distinction with a facile pen. The work is full of most felicitous and significant expressions which arrest attention. Note these: "Romanticism is consciousness of the background;" "Nothing is lazier than the critical faculty;" "The instinct of simplification is an intelligent and sound one;" "Unfinished—the great word of Philistine censure;" "To beat the air, to waste one's breath, to Ruskinize." This last sentence shows the author no mere worshipper of stuffed prophets. He is bold in his expressions as is shown by his lack of conventional reverence for the Pre-Raphaelites—"the absorbed and affected Rossetti" indicates this.

It cannot be gainsaid that Mr. Brownell is in love with his subject, and that he thinks French art the greatest, nor does he hide his somewhat slighting regard for the Italians and classics in general. As far as the French painters themselves are concerned, he gives a clear and coldly judicial idea of their relative artistic standard of merit. Impressionism has never been quite as keenly analyzed. "It lacks philosophy," he says, but then goes on to prove that this is not a demerit. It may, however, be stated that his estimate of the modern French portrait painters is too high, as compared with those of other nationalities.

The half of the book is devoted to sculpture, where the author's personal acquaintance with and knowledge of the products of the plastic art appears to be exhaustive. A sentence, which is illustrative of the author's critical position, bears quoting:

"The distinction between Rodin's art and the art of the Institute sculptors can be expressed very definitely, I think, by saying that one is inspired by nature and guided by tradition, and the other inspired by tradition and guided by nature. It is difficult to reprehend too strongly the error and the evil of counsels sometimes addressed to American artists especially, to abandon their artistic patrimony and 'be themselves'—the insistence, in other words, upon an originality that is a pure abstraction and is characteristic of no great artist since the evolution of art began. Everything depends upon the way in which one makes use of his patrimony."

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"Lorenzo Lotto," by Bernhard Berenson. Revised edition, with sixty-four illustrations. London, George Bell & Sons. New York, The Macmillan Company.

Since Crowe & Cavalcaselle and Morelli taught a new school of art criticism, Bernhard Berenson has amplified and improved on their methods. The book in hand is not written *ex cathedra*, "it is so because I tell you"—it gives facts and draws therefrom logical conclusions. Lorenzo Lotto has long been one of the least understood artists of the Cinquecento, and the author reconstructs the record of Lotto's quality and personality by a searching investigation of all his known works. Incidentally we find Vasari put down in his right place, not as an expert critic or reliable historian, but as a mere recorder of incidents, many on scant hearsay grounds.

Berenson's whole system of criticism is built on the weight of extraneous and internal evidence, derived from the known

works of the artist. It is purely objective. A large number of the paintings mentioned in the book, not only Lotto's, but of all the men to whom reference is made, are reproduced in half-tone so that a comparative study may be made intelligently. A great deal of light is thrown on Lotto's contemporaries, especially those that influenced him in his formative period, as Jacopo di Barbari, Francesco Bonsignori, Bartolommeo Montagna and Cima de Conegliano. The old theory that Lotto was a pupil of Bellini is lucidly and convincingly disproved, despite the statements of Vasari and of Ridolfi, which have been repeated by Crowe & Cavalcaselle and accepted by Morelli—and principally on the ground that Giorgione, Bellini's pupil, a man who was strong enough to influence Palma and even Titian, does not seem to have had any connection with Lotto. Berenson, for many reasons, regards Lotto as a pupil of Alvise Vivarini, to whom, by the way, he ascribes the Louvre portrait No. 1519, which the catalogue credits to Savoldo.

The résumé in the last chapter of the conclusions arrived at is a masterly array of all the facts adduced, yet it is not the summing up of a prejudiced advocate, but rather the clear charge of an unbiased judge. For the author does not, as is so often the case, unduly exalt his subject, but gives him the correct standing among the Venetians which he deserves.

The revised edition of this book, which first appeared in 1901, is an improved one, which *must* be found in every student's and collector's library.

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Some of the treasures of the private library of J. Pierpont Morgan have been placed on exhibition in the Bibliographical Museum of the Library of Columbia University, Room No. 307. The collection is of the early examples of the art of printing, and no such exhibit, says James H. Canfield, the librarian, has ever been made in this country, either from the point of view of rarity or of value.

The calibre of the collection is indicated by the following titles:

The Gutenberg Bible, called the Mazarin Bible. The first book printed in Mentz, about 1450-1455. A copy on vellum.

The Psalter of 1459, printed by Fust & Schoefer. A copy on vellum.

Wolfram von Eschenbach's Tyturell, first edition, 1477. Richard de Bury's Philobiblon. First edition, printed in Cologne in 1473.

The Historie of Jason, printed by William Caxton in 1477.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, printed by Caxton in 1484.

The Book of St. Albans. Printed in St. Albans in 1486. The first English printed book on field sports.

Andreas, Super duodecim libros Metaphysico. Printed in London by Lottou in 1480. The first book printed in London.

Expositio S. Jeronimi in Simbole Apostolorum. First book printed in Oxford, 1478.

Higden's Polichronicon. Printed by Wynken de Worde, 1495.

Promptorius Puororum, printed by Pynson, in 1499.

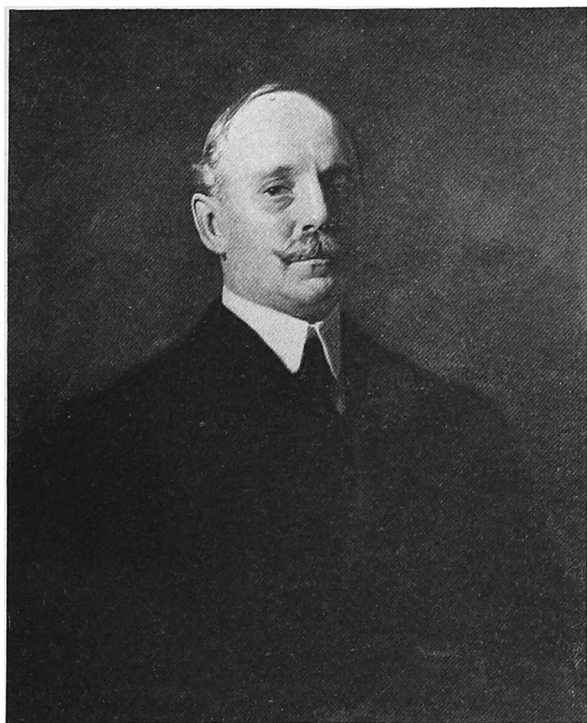
Livius, printed in Venice by Vindelyn de Spira, 1470. Printed on vellum and superbly illuminated for the Duke of Venice.

Petrarcha. First edition. A copy printed on vellum by Vindelin de Spira, 1470.

Augustinus, De Civitate Dei. Printed on vellum by Jensen, in Venice, in 1475, and exquisitely illuminated.

Recueil des Histories Troiennes. Printed on vellum and magnificently illuminated. Verard, Paris, 1498.

Roman de la Rose. A copy printed on vellum by Verard, in Paris, 1496. Magnificently illuminated.



GEO. M. REEVS.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS SHIELDS CLARK.

The studio of George M. Reeves seems to change its appearance frequently by the change of the portraits on which the artist is engaged. One of Col. C. Myles Collier, recently completed, is full of vitality, with a free delineation of character. The portrait of a little girl, seated on a sofa, is a charming and graphic piece of painting, full of juicy tones and captivating modeling. The portrait of Thomas Shields Clark, reproduced above, was one of the portraits saved from the fire in the National Academy of Design, and was one of the membership portraits painted by Mr. Reeves. It is an admirable likeness and well handled.

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Joseph Jefferson was an artist through and through. Not only did he excel in the histrionic profession, but he was a painter, as well, of no mean attainments. Had he first turned his attention to the brush and palette instead of to the stage, one may not tell to what eminent station he would have arrived in the guild. But he took up painting as a diversion when far advanced in years, some fifteen years ago. This accounts for the heavy, sombre tones of his canvases—they are the work of a man who has borne the burdens of the heat of day and no longer gazes on nature in sparkling morning light. Still, the forest scenes which he delighted to depict are sympathetically portrayed. He never sold a picture, but gave these to his friends, to clubs, or to museums. Col. H. T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has a beautiful example. Jefferson was not only a painter but also a connoisseur of marked taste and knowledge, and some of the best pictures in this country are found in his collection. He possessed a large Mauve—large in every sense of the word, and magnificent. A fine landscape by Daubigny, the "Madonna of the Cottage," by Joseph Israels, a portrait by Rembrandt, and a beautiful Corot, may be mentioned from a collection which is throughout of high standard.

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Two timely exhibitions have just been arranged by the Print Department of the New York Public Library.

At the Astor Library Building, 40 Lafayette Place, there have been placed on view a number of Japanese pictures of the present war in the East, part of a collection recently presented to the library. A note of intense patriotism is struck in these gaudily colored prints, which bear inscriptions in Japanese as well as a rather peculiar English. It is worthy of note that these pictures are cheap lithographs, while during the Chino-Japanese war the old tradition of color prints from the wood-block was still in a measure adhered to.

In the lower hall of the Lenox Library Building, some cases are filled with a small but interesting collection of portraits of Schiller, pictures of his birthplace and home, autographs, etc. The portraits include reproductions of the drawing made in 1804 by Prof. Weitsch, Director of the Royal Academy, of the painting by J. F. A. Tischbein (who represented Schiller in ancient costume, with a red cloak), the bust by H. Dannecker, the Frankfort and other statues; even the bust in Central Park. Some of the rarer prints are from the S. P. Avery Collection in the library. When this exhibition replaces the Japanese prints at the Astor Building, in June, some additions will be made to it, notably the decree of the National Assembly conferring French citizenship on Schiller, whose name is misspelled "Gille" in the document. The little exhibition sounds its own special note in the long series of celebrations of the day of Schiller's death (May 9, 1805), which is now taking place in this country.

It should be noted that the exhibition of mezzotints from the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection will continue well into June at the Lenox Library Building. These fine reproductions of the work of noted British portrait painters appeal to various interests, and not a few visitors avail themselves of the opportunity of consulting works, in the print room, on the history and technique of the art of mezzotint engraving, so brilliantly exemplified in the prints on view.

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"A Noon Day Rest," a large oil painting by Leon B. Perreault, has been presented by Mr. Louis Bamberger to the New York Public Library. The painting was originally in the George A. Crosby collection, of Brooklyn, and is one of the artist's best works.

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Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, who was well known among the older American painters, died at his home in Yonkers last month after a three-months' illness. He was born at Livesly Hall, near Liverpool, England, in 1819. He worked as a boy in an art house of Manchester and later took up the study of art. In 1850 he came to this country, and settled in New York, where the greater part of his professional life was spent. In 1853 he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, and in 1858 he became an academician.

He belonged to no school, strictly speaking, but after his arrival here he studied nature in the Adirondacks and other places. He had no regular instructor in painting. When he had reached fifty years of age he went to Europe for a four-months' stay, but it was said of him years after that he had never painted professionally outside of America.

He was a regular contributor to the Academy in the '70s, and long after, although not much heard from of late years. His paintings in those days found their way into many New York and Brooklyn collections, including the gallery of Judge Henry Hilton, who owned his "Snowed In." One of his canvases is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. He was an exhibitor at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. In several of his canvases he had as a collaborator James M. Hart. Birds, fishes and lake or woodland furnished the motives of many of the paintings which won him his early recognition.

Reference to the beautiful still-life by John W. Preyer in the Deshong collection, recalled to mind a ludicrous incident, which is well worth recounting.

John W. Preyer was a remarkably small specimen of the genus homo, differing, however, from ordinary dwarfs in the symmetry and exact proportion of all the parts of his diminutive frame. When between twenty and thirty years of age his fresh, ruddy and beardless face and the shrill and boyish tone of his voice caused people to take him for a child of about eight at the most. This illusion was still further heightened by his dress, a short black velvet jacket with a large turn down collar, over which his smoothly parted hair hung in thick clusters. When about this age Preyer paid a visit to Munich in order to inspect the art treasures in that city and also to visit his old patron, Master Cornelius, a former president of the Dusseldorf academy. When Preyer called at the house of the latter he had gone out, and the servant who had answered the door ran to tell her mistress that a little boy was waiting outside to see the master. The lady went to speak to the visitor.

"What is it you want, my child?" she asked the painter, who at the approach of the lady took off his velvet cap and made a deep bow, saying in a shrill voice:

"I wish to speak to Mr. Cornelius."

"He is not at home at present, but if you will step inside you can wait for him. He will not be long."

So saying, she took the little fellow into the parlor and offered him a stool to sit on. In a short time the fair hostess became quite charmed with her youthful visitor, and at last she lifted him on her lap and listened with intense delight to the innocent prattle of the clever "child." Suddenly the door opened, and Cornelius himself appeared. Taking in the situation at a glance, he cried:

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Preyer. How on earth did you get here?"

"Mr. Preyer!" And with a shriek Mrs. Cornelius jumped up, tumbled Preyer on the floor and fled into the next room, while Cornelius and Preyer, after the latter had picked himself up again, laughed till the tears streamed down their cheeks. The former had some difficulty in getting his wife to come back again. At last she mustered sufficient courage to allow herself to be formally introduced to the strange visitor, who was retained as a guest to dinner, over which the amiable hostess presently regained her former self possession.

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The directors of the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia have decided to discontinue the school of art connected with the institution. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* has this to say on the subject: "Students in architecture, commerce and finance, and domestic science at the Drexel Institute will be the first to benefit by the discontinuance of the fine and applied art department of the institution.

"According to the formal statement of Dr. James MacAlister, president of the institution, the loss of the art school will be more than made up by the further accommodation of other students, especially those in architecture, who will have twice as much space next term.

"Artists and art instructors are divided in their opinion of the discontinuance of the classes. Many go as far as to say that the diminution of the city's art schools in the fine arts from four to three is a tendency towards commercialism, an unneeded emphasis of the importance of work bearing little stamp of individuality. These quote a long list of former students who have become famous as artists and illustrators.

"Clifford P. Grayson, who was director of the department from its beginning, sent in his resignation last November. At the earnest solicitation of the Drexel management Mr. Grayson reconsidered and agreed to remain until the end of the session.

"Dr. MacAlister has given out the following statement:

"The growth of the institute from the first has been so rapid and continuous that it has been difficult to keep pace with the growing demand for accommodations. During the last three years the number of students enrolled has averaged over 3,000, and the necessity of providing for the normal growth of nearly all the departments has become a problem difficult to solve. The trustees had, therefore, to face the alternatives of limiting the admission of students to the largest and most important departments of the institute or of discontinuing some of the courses. After mature deliberation, it has been decided to discontinue the courses in the Department of Fine and Applied Art, with the exception of the School of Architecture, which is one of the most successful and important in the institute.

"This action will enable the institute, first of all, to provide double the space for the School of Architecture, and much larger accommodations for the Department of Technology, including the courses in engineering, mechanic arts, machine construction and mechanical drawing, all of which are filled to their utmost capacity. It will also furnish increased facilities to the important and rapidly growing departments of commerce and finance, domestic science and domestic arts."

"Anthony J. Drexel, the founder of the institute, looked with especial favor upon the art school and left his magnificent collection of paintings to the institute primarily for the benefit of this department. He also was instrumental in procuring the John D. Lankenau collection to further enrich the galleries."

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The Grolier Club has on exhibition a collection of French engravings of the eighteenth century in black and white and in colors. The designers and the engravers of the eighteenth century in France were unique in their capacity for the interpretation of a social epoch in terms of graceful line. No one who cares for French art in one of its most delightful manifestations should fail to see this collection.

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Mr. Henry Oliver Walker has had on exhibition for a few days at the Fine Arts Building, on 57th street, his decorative painting, "The Sacred Flame," which was painted for the new State capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota. The large canvas, measuring 24 feet by 12 feet, is semi-circular, and represents three symbolic figures, "Yesterday," "To-day," and "To-morrow." The thought is excellently conveyed—the worn past, the living present holding the flame, and joyous, hopeful future are arrayed in symmetrical lines. The color scheme is quiet but harmonious. The painting is worthy of the artist's reputation as one of the foremost mural painters.

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Het Algemeen Handelsblad, of Amsterdam, Holland, has this to say in a recent issue:

"It is gratifying to us Hollanders that although we have allowed so much of the best of our art to pass from us, still a great many good things have stayed here, and even are returning from abroad.

"A collection which now is on exhibit at Mr. A. Preyer's galleries attests this gratifying fact. There are some works by Joseph Israëls, and several examples from Jacob Maris—among others an early aquarelle—which are very interesting. Also some Mauves, notably an early one, a 'Sheepstable,' with beautiful light effect, and a 'Woman with a Goat in an Orchard'; two works by Thys (Mathew) Maris, works by Poggenbeek, Gabriel, etc. Further, a Courbet—a green one, but not too green like the one in the Van Lynden collection. It is an impressive work, although Mauve's poetry charms the Dutchman more in the end.

"Of interest are also five small watercolors by Theo. Hanrath, the early deceased comrade of Poggenbeek and Bastert. It is delightful, but sad at the same time, to recognize here how great a talent was nipped in the bud. There is much in these aquarelles that makes one think of Mauve."